

644.2.19  
11

# PRIDE and IGNORANCE,

A

P O E M.

---

---

By *EDWARD NICKLIN*, Gent.

---

---



---

---

*BIRMINGHAM:*

Printed for the Author, and sold by PEARSON and ARIS:

And by R. BALDWIN, in *Pater-noster-row*, *London*.

M,DCC,LXX.

[*Price Two Shillings and Six-pence.*]



## The ARGUMENT.

*THE Author addresses his Muse, and builds a Castle in the Air. A concise View of the Soul. The Subject opens with a Description of a Battle, and the dreadful Effects of War; which are attributed to the Ambition of Princes. Ambition is the Source of Tyranny; under which is described the principal Causes of the Fall of the Roman Empire; with applicable Reflections upon the Manners of the present Times. Pride exhibited in various Characters. Ambition, as it is the Cause of a noble emulation, in opposition to a contemptible one; displayed in a few Characters. From the above the Subject falls naturally into Reflections upon Ignorance. A Sea-storm and Battle, with Reflections upon Ignorance. A ludicrous Scene, discovering the Folly and Ignorance of Mankind; with which the Poem ends.*



P R I D E *and* I G N O R A N C E,

A

P O E M.



\* \* \* \* \* F P R I D E and I G N O R A N C E, I rudely sing.



Come then my artless muse, and with thee bring

Thy gen'rous, poignant, animated lays,

And crown thy poet with a wreath of bays :

5 Or should'st thou frown, let nature be my guide,

Experience teach, then all my fears subside.

I'll sound my lyre to make the dead man rise,

And swear the gods have mark'd me with the prize.

My daring song without a boast shall shine

10 Above *Parnassus*, and the sacred Nine !

There I will sit upon an ærial tower,

And make the Muses sing my dreadful power !

Perhaps.



Perhaps, when dalliance prompts, I'll cloud the day,  
 And like *Apollo*, with each charmer play.  
 15 But if my angry dame, should still be coy,  
 And must be coax'd with many a plaintive sigh;  
 I'll raise her on a throne just by myself,  
 And at her feet a shrine of sordid pelf.  
 Then fawning sycophants, designing knaves  
 20 Will prostrate fall, and worship her like slaves.  
 Then piddling poets, form'd of fumes and smoke,  
 Will dimpled brooks, and purling streams invoke;  
 Will smiling meadows, gentle gales invite;  
 With warbling songsters, pretty flow'rs unite;  
 25 And all those flimsy phrases learnt by rote,  
 Which gentle *Dilla*, and *Quadilla* quote.  
 Then blund'ring critics, with their thoughts profound,  
 And tedious precepts, that all things confound;  
 Will echo back the graces of the song,  
 30 And charm the giddy, thoughtless, senseless throng.  
 These bards, like beaux, a lady's hand will squeeze,  
 And like these critics, mount the flitting breeze;  
 They'll fan the fair-one's breast, then swift retire  
 To limpid fountains, and themselves admire.  
 35 Go, daz'ling meteors, with your flashes fraught,  
 Sink down to hell, to chaos, or to nought;

No



No matter where --- while I my theme attend,  
My vig'rous strokes, shall make my muse, my friend.

A glim'ring taper, like the glow-worm's rays,  
40 Seems to emit a fiery trembling blaze ;  
In darkness shines, until the dawn appears,  
Obscure, and sad, with many dropping tears ;  
Until the radiant God, all nature warms,  
And cheers *Aurora*, in his graceful arms.  
45 Such is the soul --- a glim'ring, trembling flame,  
That in this dream of life, just bears a name !

The whisp that leads the traveller astray,  
O'er bogs, and marshes bends his treach'rous way ;  
With flatt'ring hopes, entices him along,  
50 Through thick, and thin --- as lawyers in the wrong.  
His nervous limbs, he plunges in the mire,  
At ev'ry fall, his dauntless heart beats high'r ;  
By disappointment stung, he raging burns,  
At random vaults, or sinks, or overturns ;  
55 Till quite fatigu'd, forlorn, and out of breath,  
The wanton meteor leaves him to his death.

Thus *Ignis-fatuus* like, the passions rise,  
And lead the old, the young, the gay, the wife.



The distant prospect, charms th' unwary eye,  
 60 The wrecks between, in dreadful ruins lie !  
 With eager steps, infatuated man  
 Pursues the phantom, o'er the rugged main ;  
 Nor rocks, nor quick-sands, can his heat dispel,  
 He plunges deeper, as those rocks rebel :  
 65 Till all involv'd, the madman raving flies,  
 Attempts the goal, but misses it, and dies !

The vestal-virgin, fans the sacred fire,  
 Pure as herself, she spurns each foul desire ;  
 With down-cast eyes, she treads the pavement o'er,  
 70 Or lifts them up, her goddess to adore ;  
 Her soft'ring hands, with pious care she plies,  
 And cautious, feeds the flame that never dies.

Thus virtue acts (fair hand-maid to our souls)  
 She snuffs the taper, and the whisp controuls.  
 75 Thus nurtur'd, thus inspir'd, the soul shall live ;  
 Th' obedient passions, all their faults survive ---  
 The spark shall twinkle through this nightly maze,  
 Shine on the dawn, and with *Apollo* blaze ;  
 Mix with attendant angels, loudly sing  
 80 The praises due to Heav'n's eternal king.

The



The gracious sov'reign gives th' approving nod ----  
 The trembling universe proclaims the God!

Where is this virtue? scarce on earth is found  
 A semblance of it, or a thought that's found.  
 85 Look through the globe, embattl'd nations fly  
 To arms; to arms the clang'ring trumpets cry;  
 The rattling drums, the neighing steeds delight,  
 Fire their proud breasts, that restless prompt the fight.  
 And now opposing hosts in dread array,  
 90 Load the vast plains ---- but watchful keep at bay,  
 While skilful warriors gain th' advanced height,  
 Or make the winds assist the glorious fight:  
 While rivers, lakes, morasses, woods combine,  
 All, all to aid the gen'ral's vast design:  
 95 While more enlarg'd, futurity he scans,  
 And by events, securely forms his plans.  
 Should the proud foe, his hardy troops defeat,  
 These woods will kindly cover his retreat:  
 Or should the gods his arms with vict'ry crown,  
 100 What slaughter spares, those lakes, or rivers drown.  
 Quick as his thoughts, his actions are so too,  
 One moment lost, another will not do:  
 Swift o'er the fields, his various orders fly,  
 As swift his troops their evolutions try;



105 Snatch an advantage, chowse th' approaching foe,  
Or with a feint, complete their overthrow.

But when the chiefs in vain each other foil,  
And fate attends upon an equal toil;  
In martial pomp terrific bands appear,  
110 Front against front, and rear oppos'd to rear.  
Awe, and sad silence, dreadful deaths portend,  
While through the ranks faint murm'ring wishes blend.  
The brave compos'd, survey the rising storm,  
Observe their arms, their number, and their form:  
115 Remark their own, anticipate the blow,  
Already lies each bold assailant low.  
*Minerva* whispers, coolness forms the great;  
They stand a bulwark, and defy their fate.  
Pale *Fright* just hovers o'er the dauntless breast,  
120 Then flies with all her quiv'ring train unblest;  
The fordid fiends, the wretched coward seize;  
Tear his fall'n heart, which pride nor glory raise;  
Nor shame, nor hope, the sick'ning wound can cure,  
He stands a gasty spectacle, impure.

Gods! what a scene is here, of dire alarms;  
125 Of waving colours, and of gleaming arms;  
Of



Of dreadful bands, on furious slaughter bent,  
For blood, and rapine, fame, and conquest sent!

The legions thus, at proper distance stand,  
130 While levell'd firelocks, leaden deaths command :  
The fatal signal giv'n, at once they burst,  
And men, and horses, wallow in the dust !  
Loud clamour rising rends the vast concave,  
The cowards howl, amidst the shouting brave ;  
135 The wounded groan, the dying bite the ground,  
The cannons bellow, and the hills resound !  
The spouting flames, from dread battalions flash,  
And rock the vallies with an hideous crash :  
The flying bullets whiz across the plain,  
140 Alarm the ear, and thirst for blood in vain ;  
Or vengeful, plunge into the hapless breast,  
That with a sigh, unwilling sinks to rest.  
The pond'rous balls, from wide-mouth'd engines blown,  
Sweep thro' the air, and mow whole regiments down :  
145 The stifling smoke, ascends in deep black clouds,  
That hov'ring o'er the war, its terror shrouds,  
Like gloomy tempests, when the thunder rolls,  
And peals on peals disturb the utmost poles ;  
When forky light'nings, dart along the skies,  
150 And fill the world with horror, and surprize.



Wide through the lines, the doubtful battle roars,  
 On equal poise, and shakes the distant shores ;  
 Till close advanc'd, the arduous heroes strive  
 With pointed bayonets, the foe to drive.  
 155 Then scoop-ey'd death, with fleshless bones uprears  
 His horrid head, and shocks the trembling spheres !  
 In gushing streams, pours forth whole seas of blood,  
 That blast the land, like fam'd *Deucalion's* flood !  
 This dreadful weapon, soon decides the day ;  
 160 No troops can stand, its desp'rate, mortal sway :  
 Disorder, first denotes the battle lost,  
 Distraction next, and last, the shifting host :  
 The victors press, the vanquish'd strive to fly,  
 Confusion stops them, and they gasping lie.  
 165 Thus pamper'd gen'als, horses nicely fed,  
 And hungry soldiers, strew the plains with dead !

Oft' when proud conquest raging grasps the prize,  
 And grimly frowning, warriors brave the skies ;  
 A sudden panic, which dread Nothing forms,  
 170 Blasts all their hopes, at once their army storms ;  
 With stiffen'd hair, and ghastly looks they fly,  
 And view their followers with distracted eye.



As oft' the bands the hot pursuit maintain,  
 Till out of breath, and scatter'd they remain :  
 175 Some martial genius, form'd for great exploits,  
 Collects a few of brave, determin'd knights ;  
 Who, fixt as fate, one bold attempt they dare ;  
 Resolv'd to die, or turn the scale of war.  
 This little phalanx, moves with rapid pace,  
 180 And runs a steady, calm, victorious race ;  
 With thoughts elated, on their prey they spring,  
 While thoughtless myriads mount the trembling wing---  
 But fall----or rise, if chance or fate allows,  
 And leave their laurels for these heroes brows.

185 Sometimes, when artful chieftains drive the car  
 Of all-assuming, pompous, deathful war ;  
 In that nice moment, while the troops engage,  
 And fire-ey'd conflict, burns with equal rage ;  
 The wheeling horse, impetuous, beat the ground,  
 190 And quick as light'ning, scour the country round :  
 Their weighty front falls thund'ring on the flanks,  
 And dash'd to pieces, fly the broken ranks.

In various forms, the battle won, or lost ;  
 O'er the lone field, appears a stalking host



195 Of frightful spectres, cover'd thick with blood,  
And mangled limbs, that seek the Stygian flood.

Now founds alarm ! revenge, and fury flame !  
A conquer'd country, fills the breath of fame !  
See the dread march ! fell devastation sends ;  
200 Lean famine follows ; ling'ring death attends :  
Destruction rude, dismantled towns bestrides----  
Their baleful empire o'er the land presides !

Ye gracious Pow'rs ! oh ! tell what devils reign !  
What furies prompt ! or why this horrid scene ?  
205 The will of fate, no mortal eye can scan,  
The gods have stamp'd it on the life of man !  
To see by halves, reflect from partial views,  
Fulfil the little remnant he pursues !  
Howe'er intent, his arduous task recoils,  
210 Turns on himself, and with himself beguiles ;  
Hoists him aloft, of ærial triumph vain,  
Or down to nothing, sinks the wretch again.  
Leave then the gods, and their unerring rules,  
To trifling pedants, and contending fools :  
215 In modest lays (while "real'ning pride" laments)  
From human causes, judge these dire events.

AMBITION,



AMBITION, king of kings ! all-pow'rful spright ;  
 Begot by Chaos, in the gulf of night !

Thy empire stood, e'er since the world began ;  
 220 Unrivall'd reigns o'er all the works of man :  
 Thy fairy tow'r shall stand as stedfast as the fates,  
 Amidst the fall of nations, and the wreck of states :  
 Until the world, and time's swift flowing stream,  
 With man and PRIDE, shall vanish like a dream !

225 The mighty monarchs of the world, impell'd  
 By this dread phantom, load the blazing field  
 With hostile myriads ; heaps on heaps of slain ;  
 And fill with horror the wide blasted plain !

But still more dreadful (says th' historic page)  
 230 Tyrants arise, with unremitting rage,  
 Oppress the people, trample on the land,  
 And proudly spurn the subjects they command.

Such *Tarquin* was : *Rome's* haughty master brav'd  
 His injur'd country, while it grimly rav'd :  
 235 At last it rose impetuous as the Nile,  
 And *Tarquin* died, a wretched, old Exile !

D

As



As flowly creeping, crocodiles advance,  
 A free-born people, dread the tyrant's lance;  
 Like fiery steeds, they prance, and sweat, and smoke,  
 240 But like the ox, are taught to bear the yoke.

So far'd imperial *Rome* : the wily snare  
 The people saw, and cry'd, my friends beware :  
 With rude convulsive threats they foam'd and swore,  
 While Seigniors palm'd the rich, refulgent ore.----  
 245 That awful senate, which for ages gone,  
 Had sway'd the sceptre of the world's high throne ;  
 Sunk to a set of cringing, grov'ling rogues,  
 And lick'd the feet of furious demagogues.  
*Marius, Sylla, Pompey, Cæsar*, all  
 250 Proclaim, the Roman senate's shameful fall.

Gold pav'd the way, the conscript fathers trod  
 The glitt'ring path, and hugg'd this new-made god.  
 By their example taught, plebeians knew  
 The weight of metal, and they grasp'd it too.  
 255 Then daz'ling pomp, bewitching luxury grac'd  
 The sweet regale, and rous'd the mighty feast.  
 Then gluttony gorg'd, o'erwhelm'd their drowsy souls,  
 And sunk their bodies in full-flowing bowls.                   The



The gay, delusive sports, amus'd the bold,  
 260 And men, like asses, thence were bought and fold.  
 Thus *Rome's* licentious sons, her rights profan'd,  
 Her pow'r neglected, and her glory stain'd.

The sacred cause of liberty expell'd,  
 And Roman virtue absolutely quell'd;  
 265 Gigantic empire, daring leaders fir'd,  
 Arms led the way, and furious chiefs expir'd.----  
 While *Rome's* ill-fated slaves, ignobly bled,  
 The shrewd *Augustus* fixt it on his head.

Long through the state, the pois'nous mischief ran,  
 270 That tore her rights, and overthrew the man,  
 Who nurs'd in freedom's lap, could not forgive  
 His country's fall, and meanly deign to live;  
 Whose dauntless soul, high learn'd, and greatly mov'd,  
 Proclaim'd aloud that liberty it lov'd:  
 275 Amidst a crew of hateful tyrants, blaz'd  
 The tow'ring chief, and own'd the cause he rais'd:  
 'Twas liberty he thunder'd in their ears,  
 While echoing angels, stun'd the whirling spheres!  
 But all in vain, the threat'ning hero rav'd,  
 280 Deaf to his call, the people were enslav'd!

Thus



Thus God-like *Cato* strove in days of yore,  
 To save his country, and her rights restore ;  
 But foul corruption in a deluge roar'd,  
 And drove the patriot to his fatal sword :  
 285 One dreadful stroke set *Cato* free at last.----  
 The fair *Elysium* greets her glorious guest.

While Liberty her beauteous laurels spread  
 O'er *Rome's* high tow'rs, she fir'd the manly deed ;  
 Inflam'd the native courage of the bold,  
 290 And arms, and vict'ry rul'd the conquer'd world.  
 But when *Rome's* inbred tyrants scal'd her walls,  
 And cropt thy laurels ; soon the furious Gauls,  
 And horrid Goths, and barb'rous nations fell,  
 And, vengeful, sunk her to a wond'rous tale !

295 Soon as proud tyranny usurp'd the throne,  
 Which late was fixt on liberty alone ;  
 Her sprawling offspring, welter'd in their blood,  
 The sport of *Nero*, and his hateful brood.  
 How were her nobles rack'd and torn to death,  
 300 Like beasts devoted to resign their breath !  
 How were the people led, like victims crown'd  
 With priestly garlands, to the fatal pound ;

There



There to deplore, their pow'r, and glory past,  
And miserably grumble out their last!

305 The Roman senate, lost to all that's good,  
Became the sordid instruments of blood;  
Fell from the scourge of tyrants, and their gold,  
To murd'rous tools, with which they plagu'd the world.  
Their adulation vile, proclaim'd a god,  
310 That prov'd a devil, and their necks bestrod;  
Bore down their backs, like heavy laden beasts----  
They were the asses of his merry feasts;  
The jest, the standing butt, at court or play,  
The sport of *Freed-men*, through the jocund day.

315 These miserable fathers tott'ring grop'd  
Along the streets, like aged chiefs elop'd  
From fertile fields, and waving woods replete  
With free-born sons, who spurn the tainted Great.

In *Rome* they flourish'd, as all great men should,  
320 Who damn their country for the sake of gold;  
Who please their palates, while plebeians starve,  
And gravely boast, how nobly they can carve:

E

Whose



Whose PRIDE, and weakness mov'd, completely show  
 The lofty statesman, or the flutt'ring beau :  
 325 Who lounge at home, then flaunt to court or play,  
 And talk of nations, as belles talk of tea ;  
 Like children bid, pronounce their *aye*, or *no*,  
 Receive their cake, and cringing, make their bow :  
 Who play at dice, as boys with marbles sport,  
 330 And sink a fortune for a place at court :  
 Who, mixt with jockeys, gamblers, sharpers, lose  
 Their country's wealth ; then wines, and rich ragoos,  
 And foreign fashions, with their menials bring,  
 To plague a nation, and her glorious king :  
 335 Who stamp their fathers virtues on their own,  
 Like bastards, boasting pedigree alone :  
 Big with their pow'r, their glory, and their blood,  
 They strut like shadows of an aged wood ;  
 Like little gilded insects, flutt'ring fly,  
 340 Buzz through the day, and with the ev'ning die :  
 No traces leave of all their mighty deeds,  
 But houses, parks, and far more gen'rous floods.

Through all the various stations you can trace  
 In this vast globe, PRIDE rules the human race.

345. The



345 The Beau, embroider'd, and with looks so fair,  
 Struts through the streets, and shews his Solitaire.  
 The furlly Clown, with indignation stung,  
 Damns the light fop, and prides himself in dung.

The Priest, so meek, so pure, so full of grace,  
 350 PRIDE, in strong lines, oe'rshades his rev'rend face.

The Ancient Maiden, who the fair belies,  
 PRIDE at her bottom, like a fury plies ;  
 There teasing broods, and sends the wither'd dame  
 To cards, or scandal, or to church for fame.

355 The Sprightly Nymph, in rustling rich brocades,  
 Dies at her glass, or through the town parades ;  
 Exulting in her charms, she furls her fan,  
 While all her PRIDE's to be admir'd by man.  
 Take then the fair-one to thy gen'rous breast,  
 360 And lull her perturbations strong, to rest.  
 Just in that moment, while her passions rise,  
 Her bosom heaves, and swim her humid eyes ;  
 While murm'ring in your arms, she panting swells,  
 And feebly struggles, though her heart rebels ;

365 While



365 While glowing cheeks, invite the manly kifs,  
 Dissolve at once, like *Jove*, in heav'nly blifs!

The Youth, advanc'd above the rigid rules,  
 And all the painful drudg'ry of the schools;  
 Bursts on the public, with discordant chatter,  
 370 And seems to wonder what can be the matter!  
 His PRIDE's to boast of balls, of midnight quarrels,  
 Of yielding ladies, and of emptied barrels. —  
 With oaths, and foul obscenity he roars,  
 And thinks of nothing but his drink, and whores.

375 Th' industrious, toiling, meek Mechanic shows  
 No signs of PRIDE, until his bosom glows  
 With riches: — then, the latent flame appears  
 In manners awkward, and his head uprears  
 Above the poor, despis'd, laborious swain,  
 380 And all the world, for he's a Gentleman! —  
 A Tyrant o'er the needy, and th' oppress'd,  
 A proud, insulting, rude, illit'rate beast.

When old Curmudgeons, sunk in ease and sloth,  
 Are fit for nothing, but some strenth'ning broth;

385 Their



385 Their PRIDE's to talk of pudding, and of wine,  
 Of well-fed beef, of carps, and pikes divine !  
 They lick their chaps, and mumble o'er the feast,  
 And seem like pigs at troughs, supremely blest !

My Lord arrives, in all the PRIDE of state !  
 390 His chariots rattle, and his servants prate,  
 His horses neigh, his wife or whores appear,  
 His fawning flatt'ers, graceful, close the rear.  
 O what a god-like sight ! how would it charm  
 Our ancient Barons, and their bosoms warm ;  
 395 Who bravely fought, the tyrant's rage withstood,  
 And seal'd their country's freedom with their blood ;  
 To find their sons so lofty, so remiss,  
 So fine, so thoughtless, in an age like this !

Begone vain Triflers, in the realm of PRIDE ;  
 400 Away vile coxcombs, and your faces hide :  
 The Man of Honour, by ambition fir'd,  
 Appears a God ! eternally admir'd !  
 His high enraptur'd soul, with virtue fraught,  
 Sinks all the monkeys of the world to nought.  
 405 With open breast, and daring front he stands,  
 Nor minds the tyrant's threats, nor dread commands :

F

But



But all's alike to his ennobled heart,  
 The smiles of fortune, or her deadly smart.  
 He lives to prove the truly great man's power,  
 410 The good man's glory, and her endless dower :  
 Whose honest deeds, for ages yet to come,  
 Shall breath like roses, in their freshest bloom :  
 While deep designing knaves, shall be forgot,  
 Or stink like toads, that in the ditches rot.

415 What are those Patriots\* now, that miscreant herd,  
 Who for their Country, in the senate roar'd ;  
 Yet basely fold her for a gilded toy ?  
 They're damn'd to hell by all posterity !

*Sejanus* † fir'd, with ev'ry wily art,  
 420 Attempts to play the horrid tyrant's part.----

\* Alluding to those distinguished Orators in the Reign of *George II.* who gained the Affections of the People, and raised themselves upon the Throne of Liberty, by their spirited Opposition to the oppressive Measures of Sir *Robert Walpole*; but no sooner had the artful Minister thrown out the gilded Bait, than they swallowed it with avidity; changed their Sentiments entirely; and sunk into PENSIONS, TITLES, and CONTEMPT.

† The Favourite and Minister of *Tiberius*; who exercised the Confidence of his Prince, in an attempt to dethrone him; and succeeded almost to the Summit of his Wishes; but being discovered on an Eminence, that rendered him a Terror to all the World, his own arts were made use of against him; and the very Day that the People of *Rome* (by Compulsion) were sacrificing to him as a DEITY, he found himself a miserable Spectacle! seized and dragged through the Streets as a common Malefactor, exposed to the Insults of an enraged Multitude, and thrown into a Dungeon; where he suffer'd that Punishment due to his Crimes, and to all BAD MINISTERS; who, by every Species of Flattery and Deceit, attempt to raise themselves upon the Ruin of a DELUDED MONARCH.

What



What was he then? a beast to pieces torn!

What is he now? a monument of scorn!

*Domitian*,\* raging, with his iron rod

He bow'd the world, and blaz'd a Roman god;

425 Liv'd but to prove the wretched tyrant's fate,

His country's curse, and feel her mortal hate.

With deep anxiety and grief, he plies

His murd'rous hands on men, or buzzing flies:

Till all envelop'd in the thick'ning flood,

430 Stabb'd to the heart, expires this man of blood!

What was he then? a deadly monster slain!

What is he now? accurst by gods and men!

TITUS† the just, the glorious, and the good,

High on a throne of adamant he stood;

435 Whose solid base defies time's mould'ring hand,

For o'er the hearts of all mankind he reign'd.

The suppliant world, with grateful wishes press,

To view their sov'reign, and his actions blest:

\* A bloody Tyrant of *Rome*, who employed his leisure Hours (from a general Massacre of his Subjects) in the wretched Amusement of catching Flies, and sticking them with a Bodkin.

† A Roman Emperor, "possessed of every princely and private Virtue; who being told one Evening, that he had bestowed no Favour that Day, expressed his Dissatisfaction and Regret, with that memorable Saying, *My Friends, I've lost a Day!* He was deservedly stiled, The Love and Delight of human Kind."

Whose



Whose god-like mandates, issu'd like a stream  
 440 Inrich'd with pearls ---- but ended in a dream !  
 For oh ! the gods this monarch scarce had given,  
 But envious, snatch'd him to adorn their heaven.  
 All bath'd in tears, the weeping people groan,  
 Adown the gushing torrent, plaintive moan ;  
 445 Till quite exhausted by the sick'ning grief,  
 They pause awhile, and sobbing, find relief.  
 Rous'd from the bloated lethargy of pain,  
 Their mem'ry feeds the struggling fount again :  
 With wild, disorder'd looks, they falt'ring cry,  
 450 Our Father's gone ! oh ! why should that prince die ?  
 Who never griev'd but when we heard him say,  
 " No favour done ! *My Friends, I've lost a day !*"  
 Touch'd with the sound, that vibrates on their ears,  
 Prone on the ground they fall, and curse their stars ;  
 455 Beat their sad breasts, their mangled bodies tare,  
 And grov'ling, lick the dust in mad despair !

Such TITUS was ---- the emp'ror of the world !  
 Such was his end ; while tyrants damn'd, were hurl'd  
 With headlong fury to the rocks of hell ;  
 460 Where chain'd, and tortur'd, with the fiends they dwell.

In



In heav'n approv'd, on earth his mem'ry glows  
 Like cheeks of virgins, or the blushing rose :  
 Forever young, forever great and dear,  
 He fires the brave, and swells the falling tear :  
 465 While prattling infants lisp his glorious name,  
 The smiling mother sings the hero's fame :  
 Old age, in raptures, feels th' inspiring sound,  
 And hobbling, frisks along enchanted ground.  
 All nature gay, dissolves in pleasing strains,  
 470 And *Venus* prompts the nymphs, and jolly swains ;  
 Their merry gambols, and their harmless play  
 Delight Old Time, who laughing, glides away.  
 TITUS resounds from hills, from dales, and woods,  
 While Echo list'ning, tunes the waving floods.  
 475 The gods in concert harmonize the spheres,  
 Loud pæans rattling, thunder in our ears :  
 'Tis rapture all ! on earth, in heav'n, and hell,  
 For *Pluto* smiles, and dancing dæmons yell.  
 The Sire of gods and men, his pleasure proves,  
 480 With looks benign, that charm the laughing loves :  
 In merry mood, he nods — the trumpets call —  
 The Pow'rs appear, and croud *Olympus'* hall :



Attentive wait their awful sov'reign's will —  
While all is hush'd — the winds, and seas are still.

485 Thus to the Fates — the Fates obsequious stand,  
Transfixt they listen to his dread command !

“ TITUS, the Roman Emp'ror, tow'ring high  
“ In our esteem ; we raise him to the sky :  
“ Here he shall shine ; here in our blest abodes,  
490 “ The friend, and the companion of the gods.  
“ On earth, his name in CAPITALS OF GOLD  
“ Shall charm the fair, and form the gen'rous bold.  
“ Eternal fixt, shall reign his god-like mind,  
“ The love, and the delight of human kind.”

495 *Cato* above, supreme in high renown,  
He sits majestic, waving freedom's crown :  
The *Decii* mourn, the *Brutii* weeping stand,  
While *Jove*, mysterious, chains the fated land —  
But who shall dive into the works of heaven ?  
500 Whose dreadful monarch this great world has given  
For beasts of prey, and much more rav'nous man ;  
For asses cropping the large fertile plain ;  
For insects feeding on the flow'ry mead ;  
For crawling worms that suck the putrid dead ! ---



505 O IGNORANCE ! thy fetters firmly bind  
 The struggling efforts of the human mind :  
 Proud it would soar, and fondly trace the sky,  
 Explore the deep, and search with curious eye  
 The hidden secrets of th' eternal God,  
 510 Judge what is right, and what is wrong explode ;  
 Investigate all nature's wond'rous plan,  
 And prove the universe was made for man ;  
 But thy unceasing, unrelenting pow'r,  
 Checks this dread chief, this tyrant of an hour ;  
 515 This haughty, tow'ring boaster of a day,  
 This simple being which time casts away.

Kings go to war, and ministers of state,  
 In awful pomp, declare the will of fate.  
 Sound politicians ponder o'er the cause,  
 520 Purblind complain, or loudly give applause :  
 The people wonder how it came about,  
 And gaping, stare at such a monstrous rout.  
 The mighty preparations roundly made,  
 The drums, and trumpets rattle through the glade ---  
 525 O'er craggy rocks, and shaggy mountains, rise  
 The sons of discord, clam'rous for the prize,  
 And dreadful battles rend the peaceful skies.

}  
 The



The sea, furcharg'd with batteries of war,  
*Neptune*, astonish'd, turns his watry car ;  
 530 Amaz'd, he flies, and leaves the boist'rous main  
 To lofty ships, and much more lofty man.  
 The monstrous bulwarks plow the rolling waves,  
 And bid defiance, while the tide scarce heaves  
 Their pond'rous bulk --- but *Boreas* in the north,  
 535 Unchains his winds, and raging sends them forth.  
 His high behests, exulting, quick they try,  
 Bear down the vallies, up the hills they fly ;  
 Beat the proud rocks, tear the high mountain's brow,  
 And whirl its honours to the plains below.  
 540 Disdainful, thence, away they drive the trees,  
 And, gathering, fall upon the rising seas.  
 Hills over hills, and mountains, mountains sweep,  
 Along the troubled, foaming, dreadful deep !

The storm descry'd, the mariners appear,  
 545 Bold, steady, active, thoughtless and sincere :  
 Above, below, by various orders sent,  
 Swift they comply, and sternly brave th' event.

First, the short blasts, the waters ruffling swell,  
 The sails in furling, 'gainst the mast rebel ;



550 Flap his stiff Sides, and flutt'ring strive in vain  
 To break their bonds, and quit the furious main.  
 Swift, and more swift, the frightful torrent comes,  
 Till all in darkness toff'd, the navy roams :  
 Now, sunk beneath the waves, it struggling lies :  
 555 Now lifted upward, seems to touch the skies :  
 The furious surges batter the broad-side,  
 Or o'er the groaning decks, triumphant ride ;  
 Dash, with their watry heels, the streaming tars,  
 Who grimly rise, and curse such bloodless wars :  
 560 Fearless, and growling, up the shrouds they crawl,  
 Incumbent, scrambling o'er the yards, up-haul  
 The loosen'd sails, — they hug, they tug, they brace  
 The shatter'd ruins of the howling race.  
 Pendant, and swearing, to the ropes they cling,  
 565 Regardless of the rushing, dreadful swing :  
 Plung'd to the deep, or rising up again,  
 Down, they exult, and strike the turgid main.  
 Below, the seamen thunder o'er the decks,  
 Raging, they strive, or tumble with the wrecks :  
 570 Up, and again their arduous task pursue,  
 Busy and hearty, all their toils renew.  
 The proud commanders, through the trumpets call,  
 While answering tars from ev'ry quarter bawl —

H

'Tis



'Tis loud uproar, confusion, horror, strife,  
575 Accumulated plagues, that plague this life !

The storm increas'ing, devils and furies blend,  
All hell broke loose, their frightful battles rend  
The boiling, flaming, raging deep, that towers,  
That, bellowing, shocks Olympus' dreadful powers !  
580 The rocking, lab'ring ships, at random hurl'd  
O'er faithless seas, 'gainst vengeful rocks are whirl'd,  
Where bulg'd, and sunk, they feast the nether world. }

The scene is clos'd, — forgetful, on the strands  
Appear, the eager, glorious, steady bands.  
585 Fresh ships are launch'd, tremendous, on the sea —  
Arm'd and complete, their waving colours play —  
The jolly sailors smack their wenches cheeks,  
Shake hands, and part, and mount the well-known decks.  
Away they glide, before the gentle gale,  
590 And, laughing, seek their much-lov'd country's weal :  
Mirth, and good-nature, hum'rous friendships meet,  
Till, far discover'd, sails th' approaching fleet.  
Rous'd by the view, the dreadful warriors start,  
Fire in each eye, and fury in each heart ;

595 Aloft



595 Aloft, at once, they trim th' obedient fail,  
Clear the smooth decks, and arm their souls with steel.

The op'ning ports, the horrid guns expose,  
Full on the foe appear the deathful rows :  
Behind, the tars exulting, light the match,  
600 Not half so glaring as their eyes that watch  
The fatal moment ; then, the balls are sent,  
With bounding hearts, that find a glorious vent.  
Blood, death and horror, only fan the flame,  
No fiends can daunt, no hell-hounds ever tame  
605 These val'rous, hardy, injur'd sons of fame.

Bore down in order, ships 'gainst ships engag'd,  
Between, describes the mouth of hell enrag'd :  
Fire, smoke, and thunder, mixed, mount above,  
Lost in the air, they die, or, harmless, rove :  
610 The balls exchang'd, from foe, to foe, are thrown,  
Quick, and as weighty, as the wrecks they drown.  
Batter'd, and torn, the mangled navies lie  
Inactive hulks, while busy waters fly,  
Aspiring, wash the dying sailors wounds,  
615 Whose blood expell'd, his bloodless heart rebounds ;  
Feebly,



Feebly, he calls to arms, to arms, my friends,  
 O! lift me up, and I'll destroy these fiends ;  
 Delirious, grasps each ruin for a sword,  
 While glim'ring fancy paints the conq'ring board :  
 620 Fir'd with the dream, he spends his parting breath,  
 Mutters revenge, and bravely fights with death.

The boats o'er-heav'd, \* upon the waters dash,  
 The parted flying flakes, transparent, flash :  
 Down the ships sides the falling heroes rail,  
 625 Row the light fleet, and rising grim, assail  
 The crowded bands, that dreadful from above,  
 Cut them all down, or seizing, vengeful, shove ;  
 Or failing of their aim, some daring chief,  
 Vaults on the deck, and brings his friends relief ;  
 630 Singly he fights whole hosts of desp'rate men,  
 Till swift his followers turn the scale again.  
 Strecth'd is each limb, each glowing nerve is strung,  
 Fir'd is each heart, and ev'ry soul is stung  
 With deeds of death ; while cruel strokes succeed,  
 635 While gaping, horrid wounds, terrific bleed :  
 Fainting and falling, dying heroes load  
 The clotted decks, and dare the dreary road.

\* To board the Enemy.



Shatter'd, and bor'd, yon mighty hulk must yield  
 To rushing streams, that through her sides impell'd,  
 640 Pour a smooth deluge in the darksome hold,  
 Which slowly rising, sinks this little world :  
 Found'ring she struggles, gives a sight of woe,  
 Of roaring tars, that shock the shades below.

See the proud ships, that long the war withstood,  
 645 Now quite appall'd, attempt to skim the flood !  
 The wretched remnants of the sails they throng,  
 That scarcely move the tardy flugs along :  
 To rocks, to shoals, to rising seas a prey,  
 They solitary seek their doubtful way :  
 650 Some lost — more happy than the few that trace  
 Their mournful home, to publish their disgrace.

The victors, vengeful, chace the conquer'd fleet ;  
 But wanting pow'r — they fond, each other greet ;  
 Lament the dead, explore the rugged road ;  
 655 Returning comes, the ruin'd, useless load !

These are your wars, ye mighty monarchs, these  
 The feats that warm you, and the works that please !

I

Your



Your countries drained of their wealth, and youth,  
 Learn, but too late, this melancholy truth ;  
 660 That all the pompous, dreadful wars you send,  
 Begin in IGN'RANCE, and in FOLLY end.

The wars of blood, that o'er the world resound,  
 The battling winds, that whirl the turrets round,  
 The raging ocean rising to the skies,  
 665 The frightful light'nings, follow'd by the noise  
 Of rattling thunder, threat'ning clouds that low'r,  
 The jarring elements in loud uproar ;  
 But faintly paint the wars of IGNORANCE  
 With megrim FOLLY in her prating trance !

670 , The world is met — fair simple *Truth* the cause,  
 A meek-ey'd maid, that modest, shuns applause.  
 Display the scene — First, *Curfus* strains his throat,  
 And bellows out six words upon the spot :  
 He gains the fair, by swearing black's not blue,  
 675 She smiles assent, and gives the wretch his due.

*Gibus* accosts her with a civil leer,  
 And meaning nothing, yet presumes to sneer

At



At honest *Curfus* ; who disdains grimace,  
And laughing hearty, keeps his happy place.

680 *Squibbus*, upstarting briskly, strives to gain  
The virgin's ear, with words he can't explain.

*Gropus*, in sober sadness, poring long  
O'er knotty points, as dark as they are strong ;  
Ty'd down, and fretted in the gulph he made,  
685 He toils and fumes, and plies his delving spade ;  
Deeper and deeper still, with clouded care,  
He sweats out meanings with a stupid stare ;  
Fain would, but cannot, clear his wretched case,  
His brains he tortures, screws his shocking face,  
690 Laborious, brings disgrace upon disgrace :  
Loft and bewilder'd in the web he spun,  
Unhappy ends, just where he first begun !

Next starts an *Ape* upon the dirty ground,  
(Sunk in the mire of IGNORANCE profound)  
695 Bepatt'ring all he does not understand,  
Like *Trulla* trundling mops upon her hand.  
With idiot face, but with a curious air,  
The coxcomb peeps, and aims at something rare.

News-



News-papers, books and things, provoke his wrath,  
 700 Offend his wisdom, and foment his froth —  
 “ This is vile stuff — that is something worse —  
 “ This is — O this is ! — that deserves a curse —  
 “ This is damn’d poor, damn’d trite, too smooth, too rough,  
 “ That is, O monstrous ! — this is well enough.” —  
 705 Thus act such fools, when candidates for sense,  
 They’re fee-faw creatures, arm’d with insolence.

Pounc’d, and complete, the *Petit-maitre* smiles,  
 Sure of his game, he casts his luring wiles ;  
 Feels his sleek chin, and ogles at the fair,  
 710 Spreads his cravat, and stroaks his well-dress’d hair.  
 One leg depending, crosses the other knee,  
 The calf he pats, the slender small you see :  
 The stocking smooth, and brilliant buckle grace  
 The taper foot, that perks you in the face —  
 715 With fond, enamour’d eyes, this trifling elf,  
 Stares at the maid — reflecting on itself :  
 Her charms it knows not, feels not, but its own  
 Are all its care — on which it feasts alone. —  
 And yet this thing, in seeming rapture speaks  
 720 Of charming girls, who listen while it squeaks ;

Who



Who own its pow'r — but there the puppet lies ;  
 Stript of its drefs — before the fair it flies.

The hearty *Country Squire*, with face as red  
 As painted belles, or Aldermen well-fed ;  
 725 Proclaims the chace, the dangers of the field,  
 The dreadful rumps, the butts that never yield ;  
 The toff'd off tumblers, sparkling in his eyes ;  
 The glorious venifon, pudding rich, and pies ;  
 The laugh, the fport, the midnight drunken yell ;  
 730 The hounds in chorus with the fiends of hell —  
 Fir'd with the tale, again his tongue relates,  
 His heart rebounds, his foul insults the fates !

The *Poet*, twirling o'er his fimple founds,  
 Ding dong they go, like ten bells ringing rounds ;  
 735 They chiming, fwell his undulating dreams,  
 Mourn thro' the groves, and die along the fstreams.

Thus characters on characters arife,  
 By different ways attempt *Minerva's* eyes :  
 The Goddefs weeping, hides her beauteous face,  
 740 Difowns the fpurious, idle, ftupid race :

K

Dukes



Dukes, Earls, and Lords, with all their gorgeous train,  
 Talk over nonsense to the maid in vain.  
 Her sister *Truth*, as silent as the deep,  
 Amidst a noisy world, falls fast asleep !

745 Worn out and tir'd, each man has told his tale,  
 And self exhausted, other things prevail.  
 The News supplies them with the *Ministry*,  
 With *Apprehensions*, *Wilkes*, and *Liberty*.

*Curfus*, he roars, and fires his mental spark,  
 750 And wakens *Truth*, by swearing he's i'th' dark.

*Gibus* declares, when men get into place,  
 The *Outs* will murmur at their own disgrace :  
 That *Wilkes* and *Rights*, in ruling of the state,  
 Would prove as wrong as those the people hate.

755 *Squibbus* in flames, not knowing where he goes,  
 Sets fire to *Wilkes*, or burns the *Statesman's* nose.

*Gropus* explores the mansions of the dead,  
 And fills with matter his disorder'd head :  
 He raises *Pultney*, with his prating band,  
 760 That swore they blest, but prov'd they curst the land.

From



From instances like these, his plodding soul  
 Sinks ev'ry virtue in his darksome hole.  
 He swears that *Wilkes*, no matter what he says,  
 Will follow gold, through *Pultney's* patriot maze.

765 The *Ape*, as impudent as he is vain,  
 Cuts *Gropus* short across his gloomy train :  
 With foul effront'ry, damns him for a fool,  
 A vile, corroded, ministerial tool.—  
 “ Shall *Wilkes* be deem'd a silly proud upstart,  
 770 “ Who has, like me, a brave determin'd heart ;  
 “ Who stems the torrent of illegal power,  
 “ And dares the rod, the goal, or dreadful tower ?  
 “ Curst be the villains in our wicked days,  
 “ (Uncrown'd with laurels, and unfledg'd with bays)  
 775 “ That grov'ling, grope to highest posts of state,  
 “ And lick up fortunes with the people's hate. —  
 “ See with what rage, oppression's darts they fling,  
 “ Insult their country, and abuse their king !”

The *Beau*, offended, vows the *Ape* is wrong,  
 780 That all he says is nothing but a song,  
 Which ev'ry age have learnt to plague the great,  
 From Adam down to this our polish'd state —

He's



He's fure my Lord's fo gentle, fo polite,  
So affable, fo good, he cannot bite.

785 The *'Squire* enrag'd, insults the trembling *Beau*,  
Abruptly calls the Thing his country's foe;  
Vociferating, damns the tawdry fly,  
And fwears he'll prove it tells a barefac'd lie.  
Fox-hunter like, he glories in the chace  
790 Of hares, and beaus, and all the timid race. —  
He damns his foul if *Fops* and *Fools* don't bring  
The *Broils* that hurt us, and our God-like King.

Thus different sentiments are bang'd about,  
Like Foot-balls, whirl'd among the village rout:  
795 *Truth*, all the while, seems doubtful where to lean,  
She ftands alone, and views the motley fcene;  
Till paffion, and difputes, inflam'd arife,  
Like horrid *Ætna*, to the ftifled fkies;  
Then *Truth* is torn, abus'd, and rudely haul'd,  
800 By wrangling brutes, the maid's feverely maul'd; —  
But foon in tears the bleeding goddefs bounds,  
Flies to the fields, where NATURE heals her wounds.

F I N I S.



